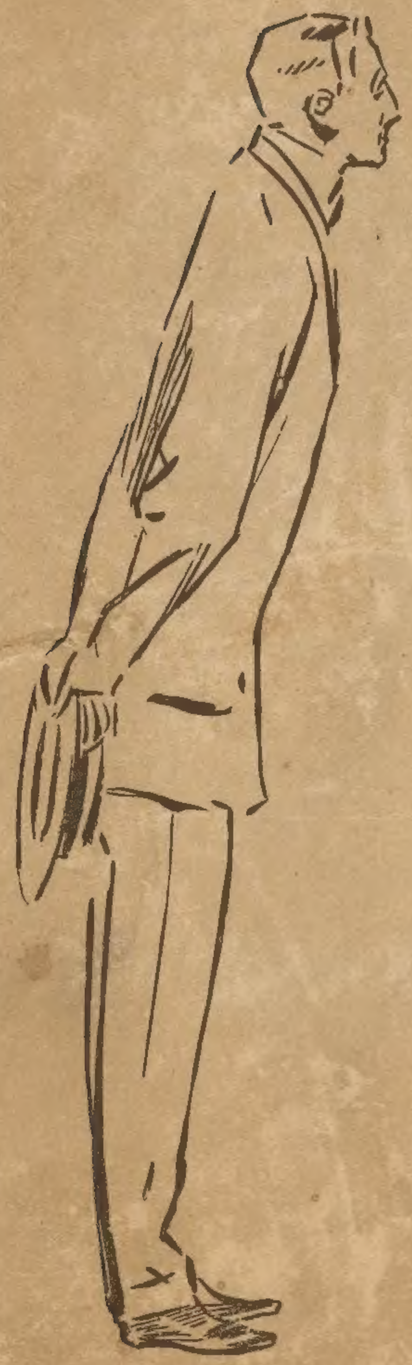
FLUFFY RUFFLES



Drawings by
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FLUFFY RUFFLES

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DRAWINGS BY

WALLACE MORGAN

VERSES BY

CAROLYN WELLS

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
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INTRODUCING MISS FLUFFY RUFFLES.

The rich Miss Fluffy Ruffles had an awful shock one day,
When she learned her splendid fortune was entirely swept away.
But did she have hysterics, or throw a fainting fit?
No, plucky Fluffy Ruffles was not that sort a bit.

She took her big hat from the box, her boa from the shelf,
And said, "I'll find some way by which I can support myself."
She wrote no advertisement, but managed to engage
Herself as you will see by turning the next page.

FLUFFY AS A FLORIST.

She started out, and hopefully she thought, "I'll surely find
Some pleasant occupation just exactly to my mind;"
When in a florist's window this sign she read with glee,
"A Salesgirl Wanted!" Fluffy thought, "Why, that's the thing for me!"

She entered rather timidly, and with a drooping eye
She said, "You want a salesgirl, so I thought that I'd apply."
"Why, yes," said the proprietor; then, with a puzzled stare
He said, "I'd like to try you; Pray, take your place right there."

So Fluffy Ruffles laid aside her hat and went to work;
She tried to be industrious—she had no wish to shirk—
She rearranged the window and in less than half an hour
Every man that passed and saw her stopped to buy himself a flower.

And Fluffy hadn't been there forty minutes by the clock
Before the shop was crowded and still the men would flock;
They fairly jammed the doorway, they clustered all about,
And even when they'd bought their flowers they just would not go out.

The florist was distracted, for very well he knew
To have a girl like that around would never, never do;
So he said, "My dear Miss Ruffles, I'm sorry—but I find
You will not suit—ahem—you see"—Said Fluffy, "Never mind."

FLUFFY AS A NURSE.

Fluffy Ruffles' heart was hopeful, she never felt downcast,
And cheerfully she thought:—"I'm sure I'll get some work at last.
But nothing venture nothing gain; for better or for worse,
I'll apply to Mrs. Vanderstein, who wants an infant's nurse."

Mrs. Vanderstein engaged her, and she said:—"You'll be supplied
With the regulation apron and a cap with streamers wide."
And Fluffy answered:—"Yes, ma'am: I'm willing to be dressed
In any style you order, and I'll try to do my best."

When pretty Fluffy Ruffles had donned her nurse's rig,
She was a perfect picture, so tidy and so trig.
Mrs. Vanderstein approved her, and sent her to the Park,
To wheel the baby in his cab from three o'clock till dark.

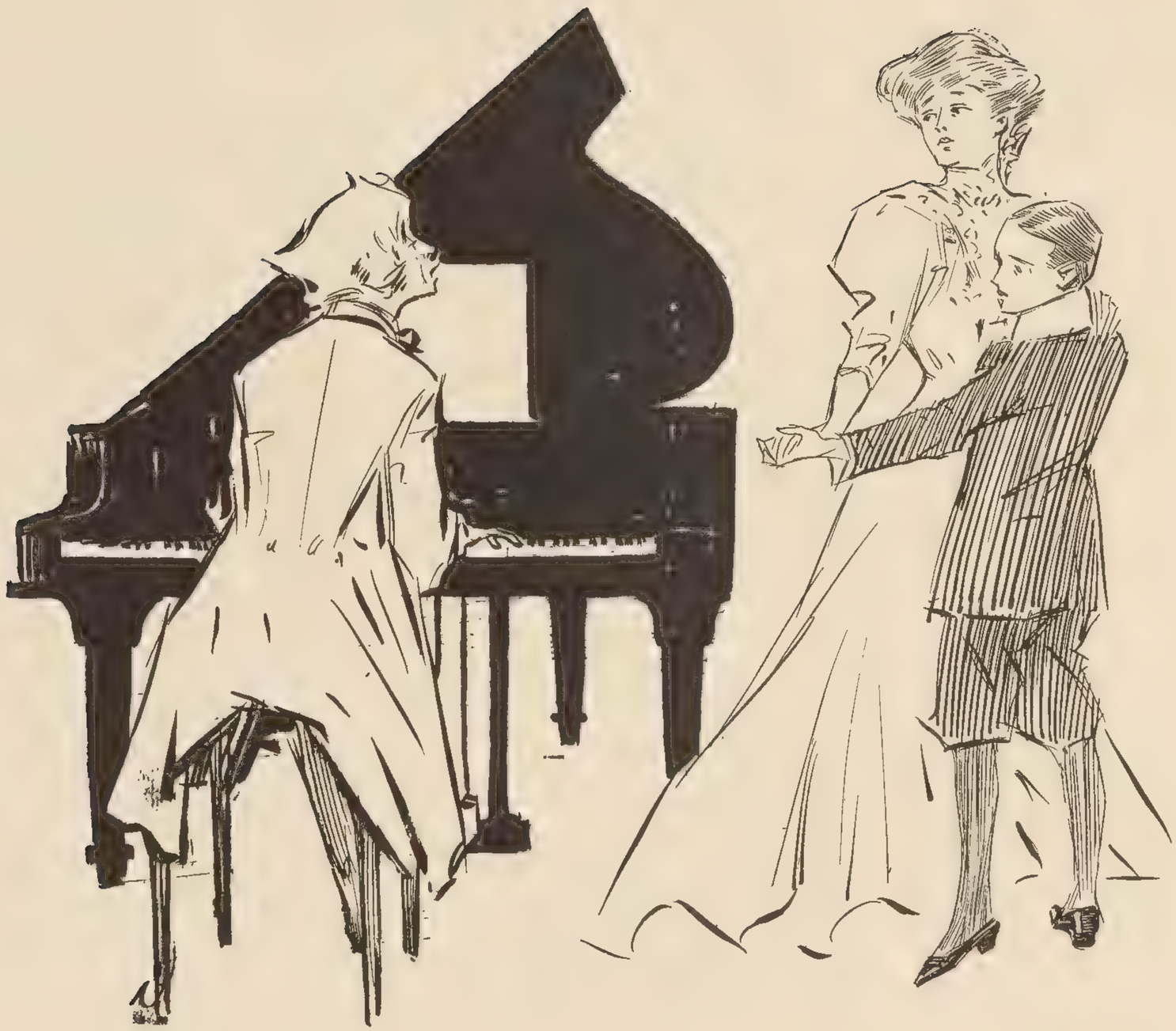
But Fluffy hadn't gone a block before a man came by
And walked beside her, saying he was Baby's Uncle Guy.
And as they chatted pleasantly there came another man,
Who joined the party, saying he was Baby's Cousin Dan.

Whenever Fluffy Ruffles would step outside the door
The Baby's relatives appeared—a dozen or a score!
They brought her flowers and candies, remarking with a wink:—
"Of course these are for Baby—he likes this kind, I think."

Poor Fluffy was embarrassed. She didn't like the game.
The more she bade them stay away the more, of course, they came.
She told the Baby's mother and, to her great dismay,
Mrs. Vanderstein discharged her. Fluffy smiled—and went away.

FLUFFY TEACHES DANCING.

"Well, things," thought Fluffy Ruffles, "have reached a pretty pass!
But as I must do something, I'll get up a dancing class.
I'll keep it most exclusive, and I'm sure that I can get
Some boys and girls for pupils from the very smartest set!"

The dancing school was started, and succeeded very well.
Fluffy charged enormous prices to attract the very swell.
She engaged a fine musician and a room of wide expanse,
And cleverly she taught the young Four Hundred how to dance.

There seemed to be no drawback to Fluffy's latest plan
Until she noticed something strange about the music man;
He would neglect his playing to gaze at Fluffy's face,
And then he'd grow embarrassed, and then he'd lose his place.

And then the biggest boys of all, with Chesterfieldian bow,
Would beg to dance with Fluffy, in order to learn how;
And then the other boys declared that they, too, wished to learn,
And Fluffy spun around like mad, to give them each a turn.

Now, when the children told at home about their Teacher dear,
Big brothers listened and they said, "Aha, what's this I hear?
I think I'll join the class myself, my dancing has some faults;
I really need instruction in that new Tuxedo waltz."

So down they came, these big young men, to join the dancing class,
And Fluffy's heart sank as she thought, "This will not do, alas!
I can't keep on at this rate;" so, as might have been supposed,
She paid back their subscriptions—and the dancing school was closed.

SEEDS

FLUFFY TRAVELS AS A COMPANION.

"I hope," said Fluffy Ruffles, "I can find a place to-day
Where I can earn my living in a quiet, pleasant way."
And sure enough, a chance there was, which seemed to be unflawed;
Companion to a wealthy lady travelling abroad.

Now, Fluffy in her travelling gown was smart as smart could be,
And on an ocean liner they started out to sea.
Old Mrs. Boodlebiddle felt very well assured
That a travelling companion to her liking she'd secured.

But alas for Fluffy Ruffles, Mrs. Boodlebiddle found
Wherever her companion was the men came flocking round.
They hovered o'er the deck chairs, they haunted the saloon,
They sauntered by at evening and pointed out the moon.

When Mrs. B. and Fluffy sat down to chat or read
Along would come some fellow in flannels or in tweed,
And even in their stateroom, at most untimely hours,
The stewardess was arriving with candies, fruit or flowers.

So Mrs. Boodlebiddle sighed and said, "It's plain to see
Such a popular companion will never do for me.
I'll pay your passage back, my dear, but you and I must part,"
So Fluffy Ruffles sailed back home to make another start.

FLUFFY AS A WAITRESS.

"Well, now," said Fluffy Ruffles, "at last I'm really mad:
I can't do this, I can't do that, I think it is too bad!
If I could earn my living," poor Fluffy nearly wept,
"The meanest situation I'd be willing to accept."

She tried employment bureaus, determined to succeed
In getting some position to help her urgent need.
"Although it's not attractive," she said, "it seems to me
Honest toil is not degrading, so a waitress I will be."

Well, of course, the guests observed her in an interested way,
And, although she tried to stop it, Fluffy's dimples came in play.
If she passed the soup or salad or poured the sparkling wine
All the guests just stared at Fluffy till they quite forgot to dine.

Then the guests would haunt the dining room on this or that pretext,
Till the mistress of the mansion really grew extremely vexed.
She didn't want a waitress with whom the men would flirt—
Yet Fluffy was so capable, obliging and expert.

Well, things went on from bad to worse until it wasn't strange
That the mistress of the mansion concluded she must change.
She wept on Fluffy's shoulder as they said their sad goodbys—
Yet she couldn't have a waitress with such fetching violet eyes!

FLUFFY DECORATES A HOUSE.

"Now, let me see," said Fluffy, "I've judgment and good taste;
It doesn't seem quite right to let those talents run to waste.
Interior decoration is a wide and pleasant field.
I think that I'll attempt it, some profit it may yield."

So Fluffy called on ladies about to furnish homes,
And learnedly discussed with them stained glass and Moorish domes,
She recommended tapestries, and chandeliers ornate,
And seemed to be authority on How to Decorate.

The ladies were delighted, they thought her plans were fine;
They thought she was a wonder in the decorating line.
And Mrs. Rich engaged her to do her house in town,
And said, "Spend lots of money; I want it done up brown."

Miss Fluffy Ruffles was so pleased to have this order swell
She put her whole heart in her work and tried to do it well.
She directed skilful workmen with a supervision keen,
And all went well till Cholly Rich appeared upon the scene.

"I've come," he said to Fluffy, "to see the work progress,
And as I'm interested I'll stay a while, I guess.
I'm quite a connoisseur in art, and so when you're in doubt
Ask my advice, my little friend; I'll gladly help you out."

Next afternoon he came again and brought a lot of men
Who wanted to discuss the decorations of the Den.
"I can't work this way," Fluffy thought. "It's maddening, I declare!"
So she gave up her contract and went home in despair.

FLUFFY AS A "HELLO" GIRL.

"Ah, well," said Fluffy Ruffles, as she sat at home alone,
"There's one thing that I haven't tried, and that's the telephone.
If I wear my plainest dresses and brush straight every curl
I'm sure that I can be a simple little 'Hello Girl.'"

So Fluffy took her place at her appointed telephone
And soon achieved the regulation telephonic drone.
And though the work was tedious, she said—"I do believe
At last I'm free from bothers, though small wages I receive."

Of course it wasn't Fluffy's fault that, sitting at her desk,
With a nickel-plated headband she was very picturesque.
And when the young men saw her they were not to blame at all
Because they'd wait her leisure to ask her for their call.

But Fluffy was embarrassed; she didn't like to see
A line of waiting customers when other desks were free.
And though she hurried all she could it rattled her, she knew;
And the more she blushed and flustered the prettier she grew.

When Fluffy looked so haughty the men would go away,
But through another telephone they'd call her up to say
They hoped she would accept an invitation out to dine.
"Oh, dear," thought Fluffy in despair, "again I must resign."

So she gave up the telephone, for very well she knew
'Twas not the sort of work that she was qualified to do.
She bade the manager goodby, she took her wages small.
"But it does seem," poor Fluffy thought, "there's nothing left at all."

SEEING NEW YORK WITH FLUFFY RUFFLES.

"There's one thing left," said Fluffy, "I'm really quite expert
At motoring. I've knowledge, and I'm careful and alert.
I still have my big touring car—I think I'll now start out
On 'Seeing New York Motor Trips.' 'Twill pay, I have no doubt."

"My motor togs," said Fluffy, "make a really good disguise.
This shirred silk hood will shield me from all rude and prying eyes,"
And so one lovely morning she stopped her car to wait
At a certain busy corner where Cook's tourists congregate.

Then Fluffy Ruffles hopefully observed the passing throng.
And soon a dear old lady with two nieces came along;
They seemed to want to see New York, and pleasantly agreed
To take the trip with Fluffy at a cautious rate of speed.

But when next morning Fluffy came her daily stand to take
She found a crowd of men who wished a motor trip to make,
And as she paused, dismayed, another party came that way,
And everybody seemed possessed to see New York that day!

Poor Fluffy was distracted. They climbed in the tonneau;
They even clambered up on top and gayly bade her go.
In deep despair she left her car to those relentless men,
Convinced that she could never try a motor trip again.

FLUFFY TRIES HOUSEKEEPING.

Said Fluffy, smiling brightly, "It's such a pleasant day
I think that something very nice will surely come my way."
And, true enough, when Fluffy at the agency applied
She was offered a position of a sort she'd never tried.

Housekeeper in a wealthy home, with servants at command;
Luxurious appointments, conveniently planned,
And just the lightest duties and ample time to rest.
And Fluffy thought, "It's very nice, I'll try to do my best."

Then everything went smoothly till the gentlemanly son
Came home to spend vacation when his college term was done.
He took a genial interest in all about the place
And he seemed to think that Fluffy had a very pretty face.

And on the chance of catching a fleeting glimpse of her
He'd sit around the house for hours and never even stir.
He lingered near the pantry, he hung around the hall,
And it drove poor Fluffy frantic, for she couldn't work at all.

He looked at her so often and he looked at her so hard
That it angered pretty Fluffy and put her on her guard.
But the more she frowned and pouted the more entranced he grew;
"Oh, deary me!" thought Fluffy, "I shall have to leave here, too!"

And so it happened once again poor Fluffy lost her place.
The mistress of the mansion said, with anger in her face:—
"You will not suit, Miss Ruffles, and you may leave to-day."
"Ah, well," thought pretty Fluffy, "I was going any way!"

FLUFFY MAKES TEA.

"Suppose I start a Tea Room; I've lots of cups and spoons;
I'm sure it will be crowded on pleasant afternoons.
The fashionable ladies will all drop in for tea;
I'll hire some pretty white-capped maids, not more than two or three."

With great enthusiasm Fluffy Ruffles flew around,
And in a good location she fortunately found
A most attractive room done up in palest green and white,
And when she added palms and flowers it was a pretty sight.

The Tea Room was a great success; customers crowded in,
And every day at five o'clock there was the usual din
Of tinkling spoons and clinking cups and ladies' charming chat;
"How are you, love?" "Yes, I won ten." "What an exquisite hat!"

But somehow as the days went by the men began to think
Of all concoctions in the world, tea was their favorite drink.
So they flocked to Fluffy's Tea Room, they monopolized the chairs,
And when the lady guests arrived they greeted them with stares.

Poor Fluffy was distracted and just a bit dismayed,
For by her earnest effort she had built up quite a trade.
But she couldn't keep on that way, so she gave it up and sold
The good will, stock and fixtures to Miss Olivia Old.

FLUFFY IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

"It's lucky," Fluffy Ruffles thought, "that I've a hopeful mind!
I'm sure to-day some lovely occupation I shall find.
By failure after failure I'm not a bit put out,
And that I shall at last succeed I've not the slightest doubt.

"To-day I have a splendid plan. I think it would be fun
To have a Kindergarten class from ten o'clock till one.
The work would be delightful, for children are so sweet;
I'll get a pleasant, sunny room on some attractive street."

The children were such darlings! In dainty frocks arrayed
They came, each one attended by a nurse or by a maid.
They sang the songs, they played the games, they were as good as gold.
They loved their dear Miss Fluffy and did as they were told.

But one day Fluffy at the door a big young man espied,
And when he saw Miss Ruffles he promptly stepped inside.
The smiling infant with him said, "Dis is my Uncle Will,
He had to b'ing me, Teacher, tause my Nursie she is ill."

An epidemic must have come upon the nurses then,
For all the babies came to school in charge of big young men!
And those men braided paper mats, strung beads and modelled clay—
Till Fluffy just put on her hat and calmly walked away!

FLUFFY RUFFLES, MODISTE.

"It's fortunate," said Fluffy, "these Paris hats of mine
Are always in the fashion, in color and design;
An added rose or bow will make them just like new! but that
Is always my experience with any Paris hat.

"Why, that's an inspiration! I really have a knack
Of millinery-making. That feather at the back
Is truly very Frenchy! I do believe I could
Make hats for modish ladies, and make them really good!"

Soon Fluffy was established in quarters quite correct,
And had exclusive patrons of the most select elect.
Her marvellous creations were triumphs of their art.
And Fluffy's *chic* confections were successful from the start.

So clever was her skill that her adjustment of a hat
Would rejuvenate a matron who was old and gray and fat.
She really could do wonders in a millinery way.
And all went on delightfully,—until one fateful day!

A big young man appeared at Fluffy's place, and gaily said:—
"I'm in a great dilemma,—will you kindly lend your aid?
My sister has commissioned me to buy a hat for her,—
And I've not the slightest notion what sort she would prefer."

Now, this for once was well enough, but after that there came
Each day a crowd of big young men on errands just the same!
Said Fluffy:—"I can't run a millinery shop for men!"
Despairingly she gave it up. Her plan had failed again!

FLUFFY SELLS SWEETS.

A smile appeared on Fluffy's face, the frown cleared from her brow.
"I think," she said, triumphantly, "I see my way clear now.
I'll have a candy kitchen! Unless I much misjudge,
The public will be very glad to buy my walnut fudge."

So Fluffy started out and to a retail grocer's went.
The smiling clerk agreed to have her order promptly sent.
She bought a lot of sugar, eggs, nuts, jam, vanilla beans,
Pineapple, chocolate, cocoanuts, dates, figs and nectarines.

Upon a fashionable street she rented a small store,
Had "Candy Kitchen" painted in gilt letters on the door.
She had it furnished daintily, in nickel and white tile;
"For much depends," Miss Ruffles said, "upon its tone and style."

She had a few assistants—some girls all garbed in white;
But Fluffy made the candy, as she wished to have it right.
She boiled the sugar to a thread, the fondant stirred with care;
While the nuts and fruits and chocolate she let her aids prepare.

The customers came flocking in, the candies quickly sold,
And Fluffy's little shop was filled as full as it could hold
Of children with their nurses, school girls of dainty grace—
And when the men discovered it they simply stormed the place!

They bought sweets for their lady friends; but when the box was weighed
And wrapped and tied and paid for—they stayed and stayed and stayed;
Till Fluffy grew indignant, and with a haughty air,
She shut the shop, dismissed the girls and went home in despair!

FLUFFY AS A WINDOW-DRESSER.

"I'm sure," thought Fluffy Ruffles, "I have a good plan now!
I'll be a window-dresser; I know exactly how;
At least I can learn quickly the technical details,
And most effectively arrange the ribbons, hats and veils."

So Fluffy acted on this thought and hopefully applied
At one of the department stores. They bade her step inside
And see the superintendent. He dubiously smiled
And said, "It's harder than you think; but you may try it, child."

But Fluffy in the window made a picture fair and sweet,
And of course it proved attractive to the people on the street;
A crowd collected quickly, and lingered there to gaze
At pretty little Fluffy and her pretty little ways.

It soon was something awful, the crowds inside and out!
The superintendent came to learn what it was all about.
When he discovered Fluffy he only said, "Here, here!
This sort of thing will never do! You are dismissed, my dear."

FLUFFY GOES INTO THE HONEY BUSINESS.

"Well, well," said Fluffy Ruffles, "I surely am surprised!
My ignorance is dreadful! I always have surmised
An apiary was a place where apes were born and bred;
But I've discovered it's a place where bees are raised instead!

"This little pamphlet tells me that much money can be made
By keeping bees and furnishing fine honey for the trade.
It seems to be a pleasant task: I'll try it anyway;
I know a darling little farm that's out Westchester way.

"This farm is just right," Fluffy thought, "for, says my little book,
'An apiary should be built beside a running brook;'
And 'near a field of fragrant flowers;' 'and well exposed to sun;'
All these conditions are fulfilled—yes, every single one."

So Fluffy had her beehives built, some cone-shaped and some straight;
Straw caps, glass windows, wooden slides—modern and up to date.
Protected by a veil and gloves, she roamed among the trees;
And grew absorbed in studying the curious ways of bees.

So interested she became observing their strange lives,
That people came from far and near to look at Fluffy's hives;
She showed them off with honest pride, and with her cheeks aglow,
She told her visitors the wondrous things she'd learned to know.

The young men were enchanted, and though 'twas very wrong,
They pushed the people right and left and elbowed through the throng;
They upset all the beehives and spoiled the honeycomb;
They simply seemed to own the place!—and Fluffy went back home.

FLUFFY, P. M.

One day Miss Fluffy Ruffles had a letter in her mail;
She read it, and she thought, "Perhaps I may as well avail
Myself of this position; though the salary is small,
'Twill be a pleasant outing to go to Silver Fall.

"The duties of postmistress I can easily perform,
And the mountains will be pleasant, now the weather is so warm.
I'll take my summer frocks and hats—I'll need them, I expect;
It's a swagger little settlement, exclusive and select."

So Fluffy went to Silver Fall, up in the mountains high;
At the station no one met her, and she felt alone and shy.
When a big young man stepped forward. "Can I help you, Miss?" said he.
She blushed and smiled and dimpled. "I'm the postmistress," said she.

He came around next morning for his mail at half past nine,
And found the Silver Fall young men all standing in a line!
Though Fluffy at the window tried to make them move ahead
They dawdled round the office with their letters all unread.

Each day the same thing happened. All the men of Silver Fall
Filled the office, and the ladies couldn't get inside at all.
Poor Fluffy tried to stop it, but though she was not to blame,
One day a big official letter to Miss Ruffles came.

As Fluffy read it her sweet face grew very woebegone;
"Miss Fluffy Ruffles," it began, "Dear Madam," it went on,
"We are prepared your formal resignation to accept."
Fluffy wrote her resignation, then she went back home and wept.

FLUFFY SELLS GLOVES.

One day when Fluffy went to walk she chanced to see a shop
Where a sign said, "Salesgirls Wanted;" she felt impelled to stop.
She asked for a position. The manager said, "Y-e-s,
We only have French employees—but you will do—I guess."

So Fluffy dressed herself with care, and by a little art
She made a last year's Paris gown look up-to-date and smart,
And with her chic effect, her dainty grace and charming glance
She really looked more Frenchy than the girls who came from France.

She took her place among the rest, and soon she learned the trick
Of fitting gloves correctly with motions deft and quick.
She learned to flatter customers whose taste in gloves was bad,
She learned to tell fat ladies what slender hands they had.

As ladies' gloves and children's were the only kinds they sold,
When Fluffy saw a man come in, she felt inclined to scold.
She said with a forbidding air, "We don't keep gloves for men."
"I want them for my daughter," he observed, "this miss of ten."

So Fluffy had to get them and fit them on the child,
And then this sort of thing kept up and drove her nearly wild.
The fathers brought their children—young men their sisters brought—
And each one seemed to think their gloves of Fluffy must be bought.

The manager was much perplexed. Though custom Fluffy drew,
The other girls stood idly by, without a thing to do.
He said, "Ahem!—Miss Ruffles—I'm sorry—but you see"—
"Good morning," Fluffy Ruffles said, "this place won't do for me."